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THE VERY BEST 25¢

PLOP!

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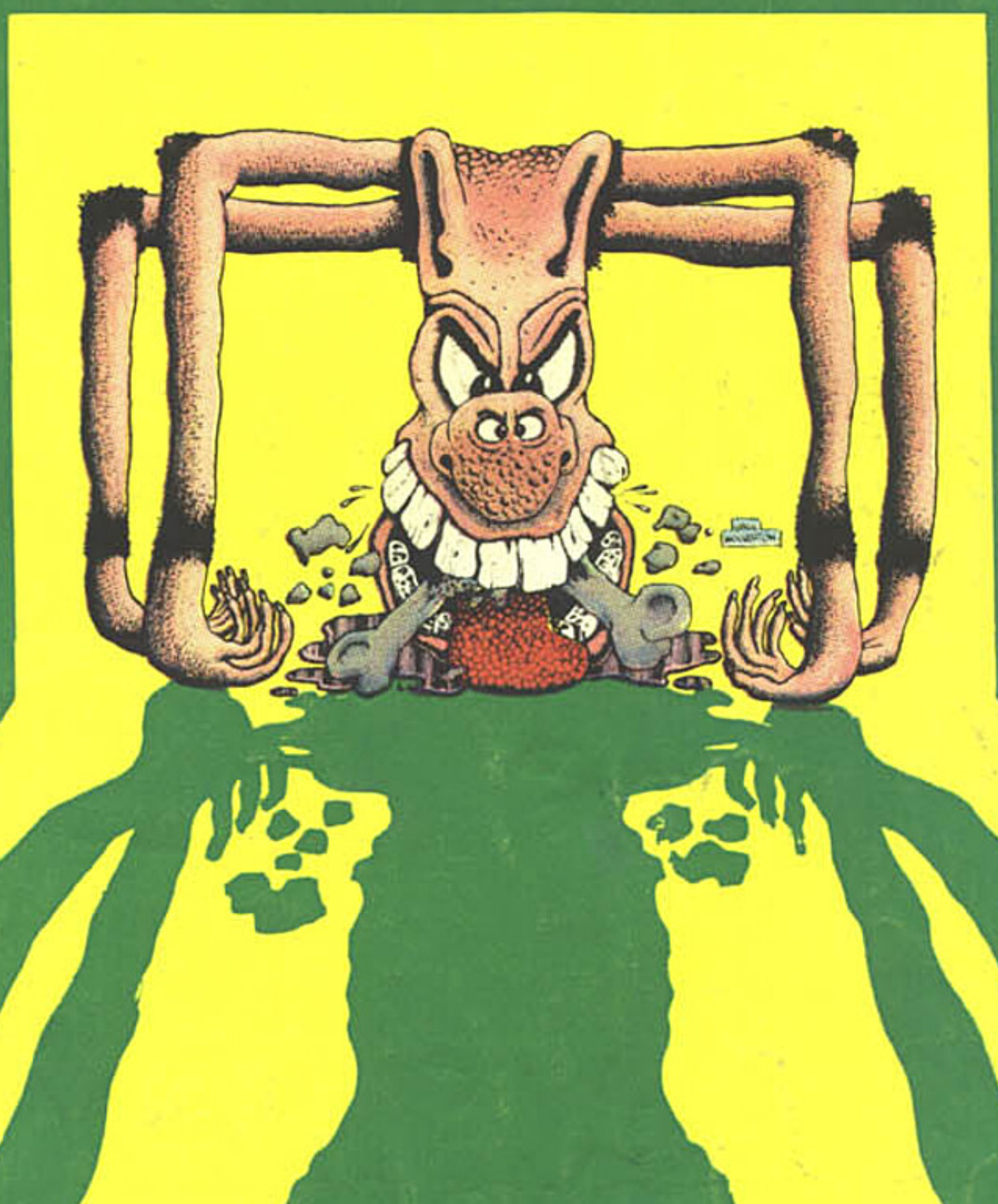

NUMBER 9 JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1975

CARMINE INFANTINO—PUBLISHER OF

PLOP!

ZA-492

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and anybody else we can get to work for us cheap!

proudly present

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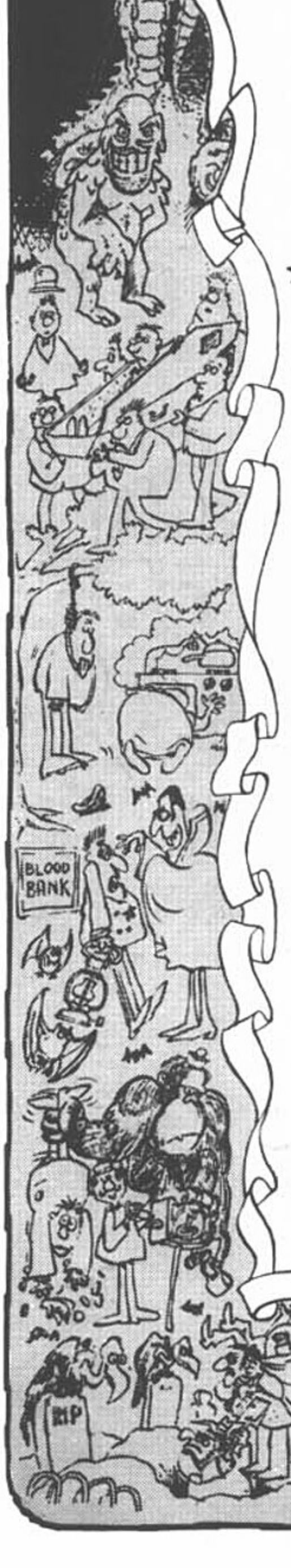

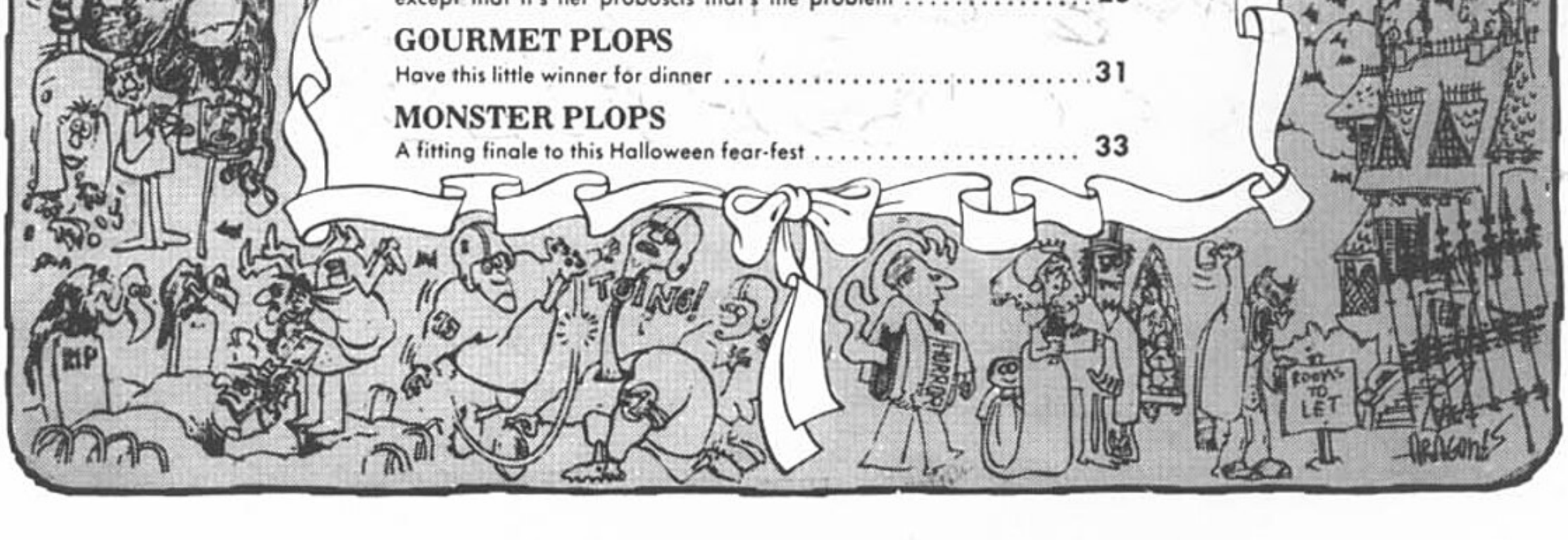

WELCOME, READERS, TO ANOTHER FUN-FILLED, LAUGH-PACKED, MIRTH-MARINATED ISSUE OF *PLOP*, THE COMIC THAT DARES TO BE CLEVER! AND, GUESS WHAT, GANG--IT'S HALLOWEEN, THE GREATEST HOLIDAY ANYONE EVER THOUGHT UP! AND HERE WE ARE--ABEL, EVE AND MYSELF--ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRICK-OR-TREATERS!

WE DON'T HAVE ANY APPLES OR CANDY OR NUTS OR ANY JUNK LIKE THAT TO GIVE THE LITTLE KIDDIES! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING MUCH BETTER! *TUMMY-TICKLING TALES* AND *JOLLY JOKES!*

IF YOU ASK ME, THIS IS GONNA BE THE GREATEST TREAT THE "LITTLE MONSTERS" EVER GOT IN THEIR SHORT LIVES!

WELCOME LITTLE MONSTERS

ARAGONES

PLOP!, Vol. 3, No. 9, Jan.-Feb., 1975. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10019. Carmine Infantino, Publisher. Joe Orlando, Editor. Paul Levitz, Assistant Editor. Sol Harrison, Vice-President—Production Manager. Copyright © 1974 by National Periodical Publications, Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

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AND SPEAKING OF TRICK-OR-TREATERS, HERE THEY ARE!

OH, GOODY! IS EVERY-THING READY?

KNOCK KNOCK!

SURE IS! THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT! LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, KIDS ARE THE BEST AUDIENCE IN THE WORLD!

TRICK OR TREAT!

YECH! HOW DISAPPOINTING! NO MASKS! NO COSTUMES! WHAT IS THIS WORLD COMING TO?

NOWADAYS, WITH THE ECONOMY THE WAY IT IS, THEY PROBABLY COULDN'T AFFORD MASKS OR COSTUMES!

COME IN, KIDS! WON'T YOU PLEASE COME IN!

HURRY UP, YOU CWEEPY-LOOKING PEOPLE! GIVE UZ SOME CANDY!

AND SOME APPLES AND SOME NUTS AND STUFF LIKE THAT!

OR ELSE, YOU'LL LEAVE US NO CHOICE BUT TO TRICK YOU!

HOLD ON, KIDDIES! I HAVE SOMETHING THAT'S MUCH BETTER FOR YOU THAN CANDY OR APPLES OR ANY OF THAT BELLY-BULGING JUNK!

IN FACT, THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN MONEY...

AND IT'S NOT MY AUTOGRAPH, EITHER! IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN THAT! WHAT I HAVE FOR YOU IS A JEWEL OF A STORY ABOUT NATIVE BLIGHTERS...

THE HOT, FETID JUNGLE WAS FILLED WITH ALL SORTS OF SUPER-NASTY PREDATORY BEASTS... SNAKES, LIONS, LEMMINGS... AND THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL...

...NATIVE BLIGHTERS!

OH NO! NOT ANOTHER STUPID SURPRISE ATTACK!

BUT COLONEL ROGER SMYTHE-WILLINGHAM JUNIOR THE THIRD WASN'T ABOUT TO LET 'ANYONE OR ANYTHING (ONE OR THE OTHER STOP HIM... ESPECIALLY NOW, WHEN HE WAS SO CLOSE!

THIS MUST BE THE 37TH BATCH OF PRIMITIVES I'LL HAVE TO KILL TODAY!

CRACK

"THE TEMPLE OF IKKA-KA-KA!"

...THEN OUR DAPPER AND DISDAINFUL HERO HAPPENS TO GLANCE DOWN FROM A RISE AND INTO THE VALLEY BELOW...

AND HE *SEES* IT--THE OBJECT OF HIS LONG AND ARDUOUS QUEST...

I'VE FOUND IT! I'VE FINALLY FOUND IT!

WRITTEN BY: STEVE SKEATES
ART BY: SERGIO ARAGONES

HE WASN'T EVEN IN THE TEMPLE YET... AND ALREADY HE FELT LIKE A RICHER MAN...

NOW, FINALLY, I'LL BE ABLE TO PAY FOR ANOTHER YEAR'S MEMBERSHIP IN THE EXCEEDINGLY EXCLUSIVE EXPLORING ADVENTURER'S CLUB!

ONLY ONE CRUMMY NATIVE GUARD! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM EASY ENOUGH!

I DON'T CARE IF I AM VIOLATING YOUR WEIRD RELIGION, FELLA! THOSE ARE THE BREAKS... AND HERE! HAVE A BROKEN *FACE* TO GO WITH IT!

WACK

THEN, HE SAW IT--THE HUGEST, LARGEST, BIGGEST JEWEL HE (OR ANYONE ELSE FOR THAT MATTER) HAD EVER SEEN, PLANTED SMACK IN THE CENTER OF SOME NATIVE IDOL'S FORE-HEAD!

IT'S BIGGER THAN ALL MY WILDEST IMAGININGS!

I'M ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY FROM MORE POWER, MORE WEALTH, MORE GLORY...

HE TOUCHED IT... HE TOOK IT...

PWOK!

PLOP!

AND THAT'S HOW COLONEL ROGER SMYTHE-WILLINGHAM JUNIOR THE THIRD LEARNED TOO LATE THAT THE JEWEL WAS NOT ONLY THE CORNERSTONE OF THE LOCAL NATIVE RELIGION... IT WAS SOMEHOW ALSO THE CORNERSTONE OF THE BUILDING...

2

THE END

...FROM FALLING TEMPLES TO FLYING HEROES, PLOP STRIKES EVERYWHERE--ESPECIALLY IN THIS...

SUPER PLOP!

BATCAVE NEIGHBORS

HA-HA-HA!

WAX

PLOP

PLOP! PLOP!

HA-HA-HA

PLOP!

HERE'S SOME HALLOWEEN HILARITY FROM THE LAND OF ONCE UPON A TIME. NOT ALL OLD STORIES ART SWEET, YOU KNOW -- SOME ARE --

HISTORICAL PLOPS

DIOGENES

HE SAYS HE'S LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN.

LIE DETECTOR

HA-HA HE HE

ZA-281

THE PIED PIPER

IT'S AN IDEA THE CITY COUNCIL CAME UP WITH TO RELIEVE OUR OVERPOPULATION.

MORT

ZA-226

PLOP

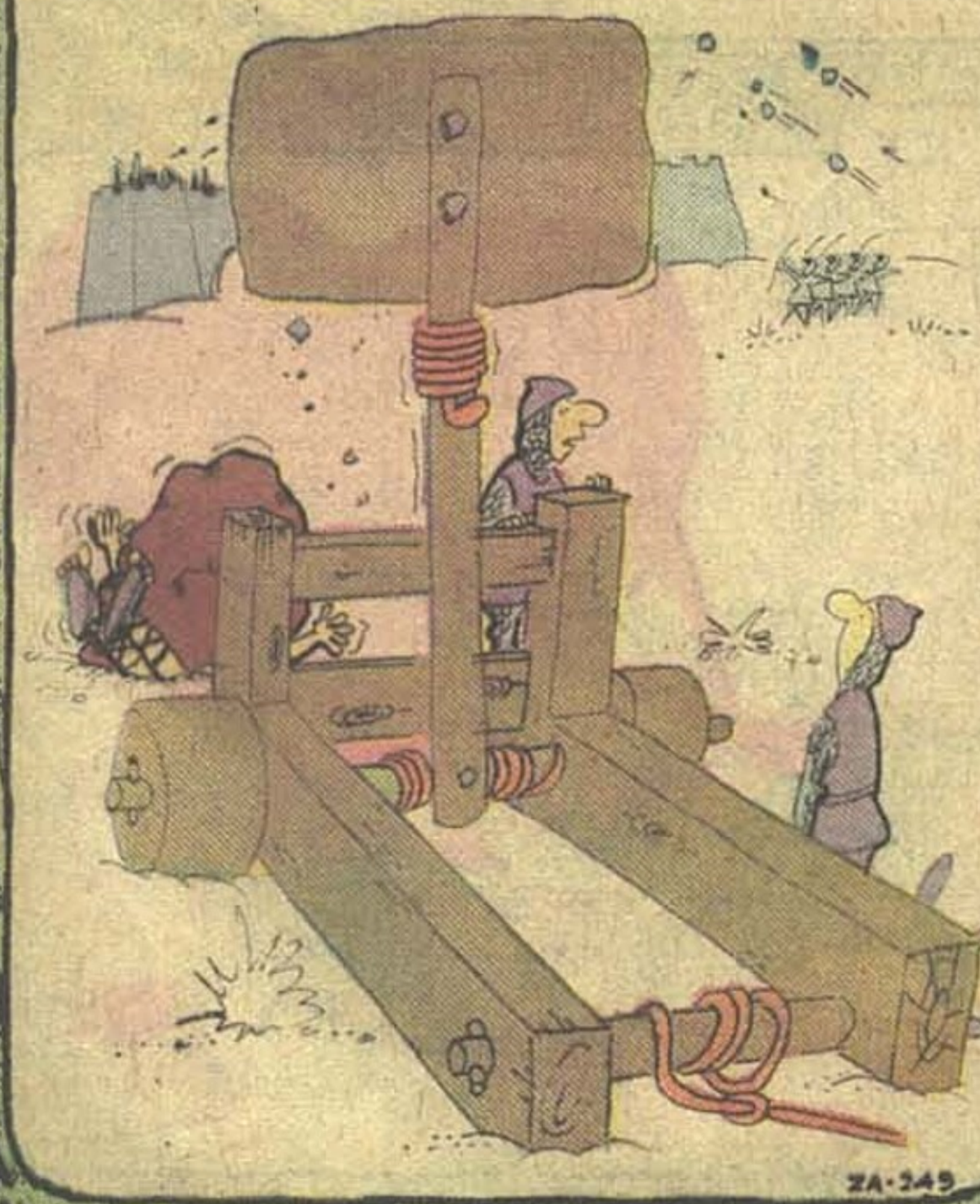
WISE MEN SAY, HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF--BUT LET ME MAKE ONE THING PERFECTLY CLEAR--IT ALWAYS GOES PLOP!

HA HA HA

FIRST FLIGHT

ZA-104

The MIDDLE AGES



ZA-249

HO HO HA..HA

HI...HI !!

HA..HA

HA..HA..HA

HA..HA

KA HA

PLOP PLOP

HA..HA

HA... HA...

HA...

HA..HA

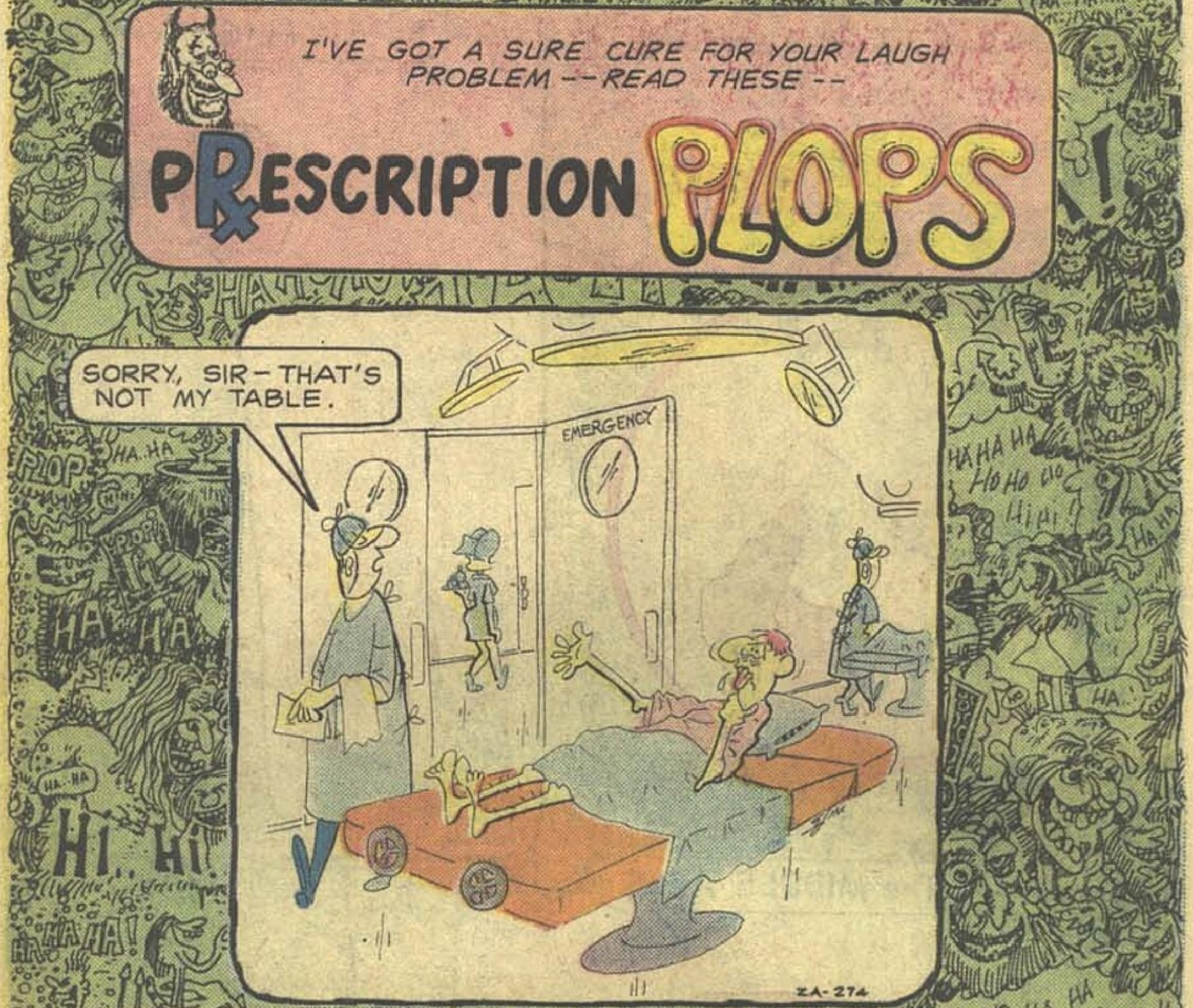
HA-HA

Hi..Hi Hi

PLOP

I'VE GOT A SURE CURE FOR YOUR LAUGH PROBLEM -- READ THESE --

PRESCRIPTION PLOPS



HA! HA! HA! THOSE WERE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST GAGS YOU EVER HEARD--RIGHT?

NO, THEY WEREN'T. THE WERE RIDICULOUS AND UNBELIEVABLY STUPID! AND, WE WANT OUR CANDY!

YEAH, HAND OVER THE GOODIES, FELLA!

AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, MIZTER, OR WE'LL TWICK YOU LIKE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN TWICKED BEFORE!

WHY, YOU ROTTEN, LITTLE, UNGRATEFUL WHELPS! YOU HAVE NO APPRECIATION FOR THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE! ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS FILLING YOUR FACES!

I'LL FILL YOUR FACES ALL RIGHT-- WITH MY FIST!

NOW, NOW, CAIN, YOU MUST LEARN TO CONTROL THAT TEMPER OF YOURS! YOU MUST LEARN TO BE TOLERANT! YOU HAVE TO BE MORE PATIENT...

...ESPECIALLY WITH LITTLE NUMBSKULLS LIKE THIS!

TODAY IS HALLOWEEN! YOU HAVE TO BE NICE TO THE LITTLE TRICK-OR-TREATERS AND GIVE THEM THE BEST YOU'VE GOT...

AND, THE BEST THAT YOU'VE GOT IS CERTAINLY NOT A STORY FROM YOU! NOPE! NO WAY!

THE BEST THAT WE'VE GOT IS A STORY FROM ME! LIKE THIS ONE ABOUT BUG-EYED CREATURES.

ZA-47Z

III

TAKE ONE DEDICATED SCIENTIST, A SECRET RAY, AND--MIX WELL AND YOU GET...

The KILLER KIND!

OR... PLEASE LEAVE MY ANTS ALONE!

Writer-JACK OLECK Artist-DAVID MANAK

BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! IT'S GROWING AT THE RATE OF AN INCH FOR EVERY SECOND UNDER THE RAY!

LOOK AT IT! JUST LOOK AT IT! I'VE SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS! I--

CHARLES! IN THE NAME OF CONSCIENCE, STOP!--WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!

HUNH?

LEONA! I'VE ASKED YOU NEVER TO COME TO THE LAB WHILE I'M WORKING! WHY ARE YOU HERE?

YOU KNOW WHY! BECAUSE OF *THEM*! THOSE BUGS--YOU'RE CREATING *MONSTERS*!

ZA-437

YOU'RE A SCIENTIST, NOT A *MADMAN*. IF YOU MUST EXPERIMENT, WORK ON PERFECTING YOUR *TIME MACHINE!*

THE TIME MACHINE IS COMPLETE EXCEPT FOR TESTING, BUT--LEONA, YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT MY EXPERIMENTS. I'M NOT TRYING TO CREATE MONSTERS!

WITH MY RAY--I CAN SPEED UP *EVOLUTION!* ANTS ARE INCREDIBLY STRONG! THINK WHAT IT WILL MEAN IF I CAN ENLARGE THEM AND TEACH THEM TO *SERVE* MANKIND! THEY--

EEEEEEEEEEK!

OH!

THAT'S BETH! AND SHE SOUNDS TERRIFIED!

B-BETH A-AND T-THOSE--T-THOSE *THINGS!* N-NO WONDER SHE'S T-TERRIFIED!

WAAAAAA

YOU AND YOUR INSANE IDEAS! WHAT YOU'RE DOING ISN'T RIGHT! IT'S AGAINST *NATURE!*

HMM! SOME OF MY SUBJECTS MUST HAVE ESCAPED AND STARTED A COLONY SOMEWHERE!

PLOP!

I BELIEVE WE CAN SAFELY RULE OUT ATHLETE'S FOOT.

MD

ZA-216

HA..HA..HA..HA..

HA..HA..HA..HA..

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING THESE ATTACKS?

MD

ZA-258

I THINK THAT SWORD IS CAUSING YOUR CHEST PAINS, BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO GET A SECOND OPINION.

MD

ZA-221

HO HO HA HA

HI...HI!!

HA..HA..HA

HA..HA..HA

PLOP!

PLOP!

KAHA

HA..HA..HA

HA..HA..HA

PLOP!

PLOP!

THAT FIRST TIME, MADISON SHOULD HAVE BEEN FOREWARNED. BUT HE WAS A MAN OBSESSED!

TWELVE INCHES! THIS PROVES THAT ONCE EXPOSED TO MY RAY, THEY *KEEP GROWING!*

TO MADISON, ONLY HIS ANTS MATTERED. AND SO, WHEN THE REAL HORROR BEGAN, HOW COULD HE BELIEVE?

THREE PEOPLE MISSING? FROM THE VILLAGE? AND YOU THINK THAT *MY* ANTS -- YOU CRAZY WOMAN--YOU'RE *MAD!*

AM I? CHARLES, THINK! SOME OF THEM ESCAPED! AND YOU SAID THEY *KEEP* GROWING! THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY COULD BE HUGE BY NOW! AND THEY'LL NEED *FOOD!*

CHARLES, MAYBE I'M WRONG--BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE? AT LEAST DESTROY THE ANTS YOU HAVE IN THE LABORATORY! DISMANTLE YOUR RAY!

DISMANTLE--SO *THAT'S* WHAT'S BEHIND THIS CRAZY SUSPICION OF YOURS!

DESTROY MY RAY GUN? YEARS OF WORK! ALL FOR THE GOOD OF THE HUMAN RACE! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO QUIT NOW BECAUSE OF A WOMAN'S *STUPID HYSTERIA*, YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

WEEKS LATER...

LEONA, PLEASE! FOR PITY'S SAKE, LET ME BE! I KNOW MY ANTS! THEY'RE DOCILE--WHY WOULD THEY HARM A HUMAN BEING?

FOR *FOOD*, CHARLES, ANOTHER MAN DISAPPEARED FROM THE VILLAGE LAST NIGHT! SMASH YOUR RAY GUN! IF YOU DON'T, *I WILL!*

NO! YOU WOULDN'T!

MAMA MAMA MAMA

1/3

THAT WAS WHEN THE HORROR REALLY BEGAN FOR MADISON. HE RAN! AS HE HAD RUN ONCE BEFORE! BUT THIS TIME...

NO! OH, LORD, NO--

MAMA-AAA--

BOP!

RADISH

GONE--SHE'S GONE! MY BABY! YOU DEVIL! I BEGGED YOU! I WARNED YOU! AND NOW SHE'S GONE! MURDERER! MURDERER! MUR--

OH-H-H-- I-I F-FEEEL F-FAINT!

LEONA!

IT ALL CAME IN A FLOOD. THEN, THE REGRETS. THE PANGS OF CONSCIENCE. THE GUILT. BUT BY THEN-- WHAT WAS THERE FOR MADISON TO DO?

FOR HOURS, LEONA MADISON LAY MERCIFULLY UNCONSCIOUS. AND FOR HOURS, CHARLES MADISON SAT BESIDE HER AND SOBBED. AND AT LAST...

Z Z Z

WHA--SMOKE! I SMELL SMOKE--LEONA! SHE MUST HAVE GONE INTO THE LABORATORY--

LEONA! LEONA, DON'T! NO MATTER WHAT'S HAPPENED, I CAN'T LET YOU DESTROY MY WORK! STOP--

NO! I WON'T STOP! NOT UNTIL YOUR MONSTERS ARE ALL DEAD!

NO! I CAN'T LET YOU! I CAN'T LET YOU WIPE OUT SOMETHING THAT MAY STILL BENEFIT THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE! I CAN'T--I--

LEONA! NO! I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO-TO--

DEAD! SHE-SHE'S DEAD! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! BUT ONCE THE TRUTH COMES OUT, WHO WILL BELIEVE ME?

THE TIME MACHINE! IT'S NEVER BEEN TESTED, BUT I'LL HAVE TO RISK IT! I CAN STILL GET AWAY! INTO THE FUTURE! THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE!

THERE, A HUNDRED YEARS! IF I GO A HUNDRED YEARS INTO THE FUTURE--

2074

AND AFTER A WHIRLING, SPINNING VORTEX...

HUNH? I'M STILL IN MY LAB...

NO, WAIT! THE EQUIPMENT...IT'S MORE ADVANCED THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN! THIS *IS* THE FUTURE!

IT'S ALL SO FANTASTIC, SO UNBELIEVA--

AGH-H-H

I-I-I CAN'T MOVE! I'M *PARALYZED! POISON!* I'VE BEEN *POISONED!* I-- *GASP!*

MY ANTS! T-THEY-- THEY WENT ON EVOLVING! FOR A HUNDRED YEARS! THEY--*THEY'RE* THE REASON FOR THIS PLACE!

AND THESE FUTURISTIC OFF-SPRING OF MADISON'S SUB-JECTS HAD PLANS FOR THEIR NEW ARRIVAL...IMMEDIATE PLANS!

WAIT! STOP-- WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M...

HUH?...WHAT'S THAT, OVER THERE? OTHER HUMANS, IN CAGES?...NO--N-NOT HUMANS B-BUT, BUT...

NO! THE ANTS ARE EXPERI-MENTING WITH EVOLUTION, AS I ONCE DID! BUT, INSTEAD OF GOING FORWARD--THEY'RE CHANGING M-MEN B-BACK... INTO...INTO...

HOW 'BOUT RUNNIN' OVER AND SEEIN' IF WE HAVE ANY BANANAS LEFT, LOU!

WILL DO, CLYDE!

GEEP!

END

PEOPLE PLOPS

WHEW! THOSE MONSTER ANTS SCARED ME-- LET'S TRY A MORE NORMAL SUBJECT FOR A CHANGE--

I'M GIVING YOU A SUMMONS FOR NOT HAVING A LID ON YOUR GARBAGE PAIL.

FLOP HA.HA HA..HA HA..HA HI..HI..!

HA HA HA HO HO HO HI HI !? HA..

RINALDO

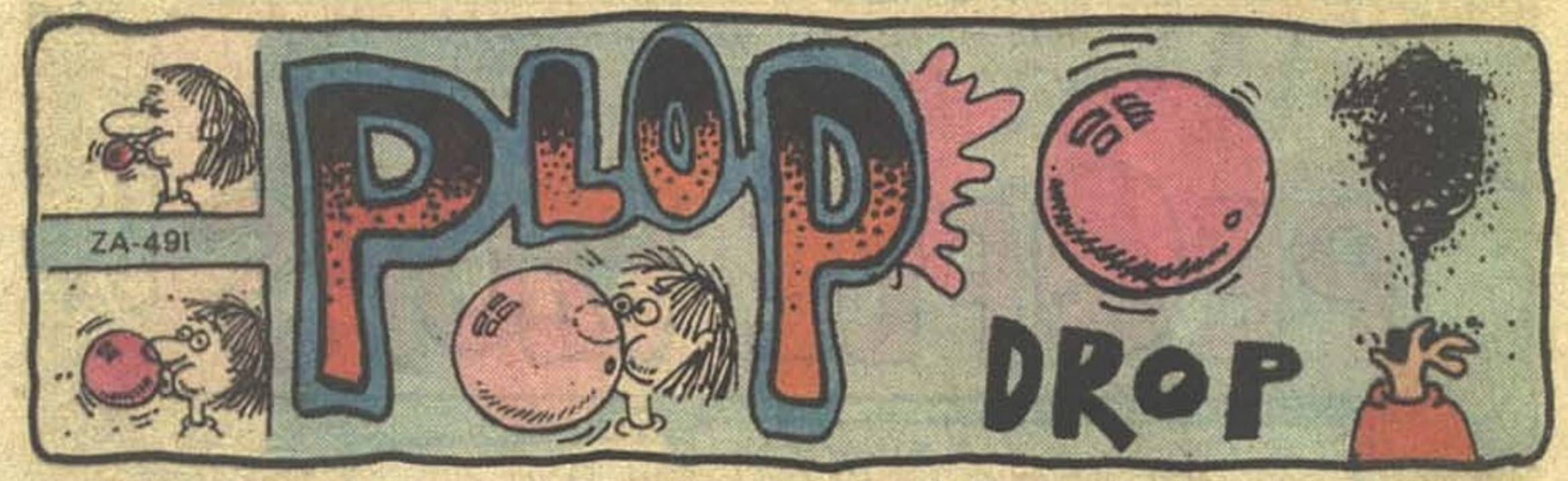
ZA-149 A

STICK WITH ME, KID. YOU'LL LEARN THE ROPES, AND YOU WON'T LOSE ANY FINGERS!

HA.HA HO.HO HA..HA HI..HI !! PLOP! PLOP! KA HA

ZA-266

MANAK



. . . and now, little monsters, let's take a break from our Halloween tale-telling and take a look at some even taller tales—the riotous writings of our readers!

• • • • •

Dear Whoever is reading this letter:

I have never written to a comic book, but I just had to write you and tell you how PLOP has changed my life.

Before P.W.P. (PLOP Was Published) I used the word "gross" very carelessly. Listening to Two Donny Osmond records in a row was "gross"; seeing my brother using ketchup on his potatoes like most people use gravy was "gross"; having my geometry, biology, history and English semester tests on the same day was "gross".

Little did I know what the true meaning of "gross" was! The true meaning of "gross" was brought to my attention when I read PLOP #1. My eyes were opened on that fateful day. Will I ever forget that day? I hope so; but I have my doubts. I picked up PLOP #1 by accident; I was really aiming for BATMAN. Undaunted by criticism of my reading habits from my female parent ("Mary, you are *15*, a straight A student; how can you read such trash?) I decided to buy this—oh, for lack of a better term—humor magazine. I sat down in the kitchen with an apple to read what I had dished out 20¢ for. You people should be arrested! I'm sure there is a law against writing such stuff and not putting a warning on the cover to the effect: "The Surgeon General has determined that eating while reading this disgusting trash is harmful to your health." I almost choked!

But I must admit it was good for me. I at last learned what "gross" really means. Gross is PLOP!

I wish you to ever greater heights of grossness.

Mary Moore, Wild Rose, Wis. 54984

• • • • •

Dear Ploppers,

I have a question for you: What happened to "The Midnight Phantom" who used to write to PLOP?

Brock Winans, Cleveland Hts., Ohio.

He's been replaced by our next pen-pal . . .

• • • • •

Dear PLOPPERS,

This is it. I've had just about enough of you and your kind.

I've read your first 6 issues of PLOP and I'm still suffering nausea. Listen, guys, I'm just eleven and I've got lots of problems and PLOP ain't helping any. For instance, I ain't never found a 4-leaf clover in my whole life. Besides isn't it illegal to take advantage of little punks like me?

Well let me just tell you, me and my friends, (who also read PLOP like me), we're gonna assassinate Sergio Aragones, Joe Orlando, and all the other dolts who make up PLOP, and believe me we're gonna find you even if we have to look in the farthest corner of the asylum.

The Fantom Of The Comics

Chuckles, if you go far enough into the asylum to find OUR staff, you'll NEVER get out!

• • • • •

Dear Plops,

What I want to know is how the Comic Code Authority could place their seal of approval on a thoroughly tasteless, disgusting, and sickening comic book like yours. I'd also like to know how come I've bought every issue so far, as well as accidently picking up two copies of #6—one is unnecessary enough.

Greg Sims, Fairfax, Va.

• • • • •

Dear Plop People,

I am amazed at the inhumanity of this magazine. It is the mag of the year. One question. Who does all the "Lazy Lettering?"

Robert Mitchell, Sandston, Va.

Good question! As a matter of fact, we'd been meaning to tip our hats to the carefree crew of artisans who take an unpublicized part in the polishing and production of our product: Ms. Tatjana Wood, colorist extraordinaire, who makes this book look so different from all other comics by her crafty use of pure white and yellow tones instead of flesh; production ace Joe Letterese who pastes up and letters the gag pages each issue (and the rest of the unheralded heroes of the production department); and letterers Milt Snappin and Ben Oda. Many thanks, gang. (See, isn't that better than a paycheck? We weren't kidding when we said "anyone else who'll work for us cheap!")

• • • • •

Dear Plop,

You sure print stupid letters.

Clint Thomas, Oak Hill, W.Va.

• • • • •

To: Alien Invaders from PLOP

From: Center for Galactic Studies

Your secret is out! The CGA has evidence to show that you weirdos are really aliens from Ep-

silon Bootes who are using the absurd pages of PLOP to brainwash the masses on Earth so your invading hoards can overrun our fair planet.

Be warned! The CGS stands ever vigilant. PLOP not on our planet!

James T. Crawford, Cincinnati, O.

Hey, Sergio, they're onto us! Now you're gonna have to plot a new intro for next issue!

• • • • •

Dearest Plop-ers,

Disgustedly scanning your latest issue, having bought it under some strange compulsion, I spied the name of Lee Marrs *##*¢%*#! Ah hah!! Can it be that the underground cartoonists are selling out? No more sneaking into crummy head shops to buy their latest? Is nothing sacred? Boo! What we need is varied garbage! More different trash!! For shame.

On the other foot, the more chances to warp men's minds the better! It's good to see Sergio with his own book. The return of Basil Wolverton is a yeech treat too.

Harry Simpson and Jack Woodley,
Arlington, Va.

To date Lee is the only "underground" cartoonist who has brought their portfolio to our eagerly awaiting paws, but we sure didn't judge her by the standard that she was an "underground" or an "overground" cartoonist. She's just a GOOD cartoonist ... and willing to do PLOP-style material.

• • • • •

Gentlemen,

After reading the letters in your No. #6 issue, I realized that many of your readers consider PLOP a trashy and illiterate collection of gruesome mishaps. I, myself, having greatly benefited from your magazine, consider it an educational masterpiece.

It should always be recognized as excellent learning material for young people interested in certain trades, such as future artists, writers, cartoonists, as well as many other respectable professions ...

Jack The Ripper, London, England

• • • • •

Dear Plop,

Something has to be done about the garbage that you are currently printing in your lettercol.

For exampke, issue #6, page 13, column 2, second letter.

Need I say more?

P.S. I wish PLOP was weirder than MY little sister.

John Cameron, Southfield, Mich.

Complaints, complaints, complaints ... just for that we're ending this letters page right here. (P.S. This is Orlando ..... don't listen to those clowns! We LOVE your letters! Keep 'em coming! Our address is: PLOP DROP, National Periodical Publications, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019.)

• • • • •

PUT A LITTLE PLOP IN YOUR LIFE!

GET A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW MAGAZINE OF WEIRD HUMOR!

900038

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ALLOW 10 WEEKS FOR FIRST DELIVERY!

AND NOW FOR ALL YOU LIFERS, JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT THERE'S ALWAYS A WORSE SLAMMER, I GIVE YOU OUR VERY OWN...

PRISON PLOPS!

THAT'S A PRETTY BAD COLD.

FLOP

HA..HA

HISS!

HISS!

PLOP!

HA..HA..HAA

HA

HA..HA

Hi..Hi..Hi..

HAHAHA!

HA..HA..HA

HA..HA

A HA HA!

HAHA HA HO HO HO Hi Hi!

HA!!?

HA..

HA..HA

HO..HO..HA..HA

Hi...Hi!!

ZA-36c

THEY'RE ALL AT LEAST TWO MILLIMETERS, GRINDLEGROOBER- LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN FOR ANOTHER BEATING.

RIP!!

PLOP!

PLOP!

PLOP!

HA..HA..HA

HAHAHO

HA..HA..HA

PLOP!

PLOP!

HA..HA..HA

ZA-45B

PLOP!

NOW THEN, WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS BEEN ASKING FOR A TRANQUILIZER?

ZA-485

PSST! – RULE NUMBER ONE IS TO REMAIN CALM!

HA..HA..HA!

ZA-484

HA-HA-HA!

---AND IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF HERE, I'LL PUT YOU IN SOLITARY!

HA-HA-HA

HO..HO HA..HA HI..HI!!

HA-HA HA-HA

HA-HA-HA

ZA-486

PLOP! PLOP!

HA-HA-HA!

PLOP! PLOP! PLOP!

HA-HA-HA

HA-HA

PLOP!

HA-HA-HA

HA-HA-HA

HI..HI HI

PLOP!

YOU THE GUYS WHO'VE BEEN DEMANDING NEW CHAINS?

A..HA!

ZA-235

HOW FORTUNATE THAT WE FOUND THIS LOOSE STONE, EH, HOBSTEADER?

ZA-54

WELL, EVE, OFF-HAND I'D SAY THEY DIDN'T PARTICULARLY CARE FOR YOUR PRISON

PLOPS!

GAKK! CHOKE! UGGG! GASP!

WHAT KIND OF DUMB HALLOWEEN KIDS ARE THESE, ANYWAY? NOT ONLY DON'T THEY HAVE MASKS OR COSTUMES, THEY AIN'T GOT NO TASTE EITHER! I'LL STRANGLE THEM! I'LL POKE OUT THEIR LITTLE EYES!

HA! HA! REMEMBER, EVIE! YOU HAVE TO BE TOLERANT! YOU HAVE TO BE PATIENT! HA! HA! HA! HA!

WE WANT OUR CANDY!

WE'VE HAD IT WITH YOU CREEPY PEOPLE! OUR PATIENCE HAS REACHED ITS ABSOLUTE LIMIT!

IN OTHER WORDS-- LET'S GO! WE'LL GIVE THESE BOZOS A TRICK THEY WON'T SOON FORGET!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, YOUNGSTERS! LET US NOT BE TOO HASTY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE MY TWO FRIENDS! THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT KIDS! BUT, DUE TO MY WEALTH OF EXPERIENCE WITH YOUNGSTERS, I--

OKAY, OKAY, KNOCK OFF THE SPIEL AND GET TO THE POINT! WHAT DO YOU HAVE FOR US?

SOMETHING YOU'LL REALLY LOVE. A STORY THAT'S FAR SUPERIOR TO THE ONES TOLD BY THESE OTHER TWO LOSERS! A TALE ABOUT... A *NOSE!*

WHA-?

ONCE UPON A TIME, IN A FAR AWAY KINGDOM, LIVED A PRINCESS NAMED DRUISLA WHO HAD A NOSE THAT WOULD PUT YOUR EYE OUT ...

TEE HEE!

DRUISLA WAS VERY VAIN OF HER PROBOSCIS, AND WAS CONSTANTLY ATTENDED BY DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS OF GREAT REPUTE...

YES, MY DEAR, IT'S THE MOST AERODYNAMICALLY SOUND NOSE I'VE SEEN!

HEAR! HEAR!

HEAR IS RIGHT! YOU COULD PLAY SWANEE RIVER ON THAT HORN!

INDEED, SHE WAS SO VAIN SHE HELD A CONTEST ONCE A YEAR, JUST SO HER NOSE COULD WIN A PRIZE...

WHAT A GREAT NOSE I HAVE. IT'S TRULY OF CLASSIC PROPORTIONS!

THE FAME OF PRINCESS DRUISLA'S NOSE HAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IT WAS...

A NOSE TO REMEMBER!

SCRIPT: STEVE SKEATES
ART: LEE MARRS

HOWEVER, ONE NIGHT AT THE BIMONTHLY NOSE BALL...

I'VE GOT IT CINCHED! AGAIN I'M GOING TO WIN THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST NOSE IN THE...

NO! WAIT! WHAT NOSE IS THIS THAT JUST ENTERED MY PALACE?

DRUISLA'S ADVISORS WERE ALWAYS ON HAND TO SMOOTH OUT ANY DISAPPOINTMENT TO COME HER WAY...

NO ONE COULD HAVE A NATURAL NOSE LIKE THAT. IT MUST BE...

WITCHCRAFT!

AND SHE RELIED HEAVILY ON THEIR JUDGEMENT...

HUBBA HUBBA

YOU WITCH! WHADDA YA MEAN COMIN' IN HERE TO SPOIL MY GOOD TIME?!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'M JUST NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, THAT'S ALL!

I CAME HERE TO WIN THE NOSE CONTEST FAIR AND SQUARE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

SO...THE PRINCESS MADE A MISTAKE...

YOU'LL BE SORRY!

TOUCH IT OFF!

...AND GOT A CURSE LAID ON HER...

CURSED BE YOU AND YOUR ROTTEN NOSE, YOUR KINGDOM WILL STAND FOR AS LONG AS IT GROWS!

YEAH, SO'S YOUR BROTHER!

IT WAS NOT TOO LONG BEFORE SHE REALIZED...

MY NOSE! IT'S...

YOIKS!

SHE HAD A PROBLEM ON HER HANDS...

THE FIRST DOCTORS WHO TRIED TO CURE THE PRINCESS DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE MATTER, AND WERE BEHEADED...

HA, HA! SHE'S GOT A NOSE LIKE A FIRE HOSE!

BUT THE DOCTORS SOON KNEW THAT THIS WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER...

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO, PRINCESS...

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!

NOT THAT THEIR SERIOUSNESS CHANGED THEIR SITUATION...

FAILURE HAS BECOME A CAPITAL OFFENSE!

LOOK, DOC, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD. COULD YA JUST TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I KILL YA?

MEANWHILE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, ANOTHER LUCKY DOCTOR SAT, PONDERING HIS FATE...

BOAR INN

WOW! HE'S A DOCTOR! GEE, I'M SO IMPRESSED!

SWEET ADELINE

WHY DID I HAVE TO BE SENT FOR? EVERYONE KNOWS I DON'T LIKE MAKING HOUSE CALLS! WHY SHOULD I WANT TO CURE SOME DUMB PRINCESS? WHAT A DRAG!

ZZZ

AND THE HERO OF THIS TALE JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE TOO...

I'M SUGGESTIN' YOU DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS DUDE, BECKY ANN! HE SOUNDS DOWNRIGHT UNPATRIOTIC, NOT WANTIN' TO CURE THE PRINCESS!

OH, IT'S NOT THAT, MY GOOD MAN! I WANT TO **CURE** HER! WHAT I DON'T WANT IS THE REWARD SHE'S OFFERING!

WHAT DO I WANT WITH A CASTLE AND $60,000,000,000? ALL IT'LL DO IS PUT ME IN A HIGHER TAX BRACKET!

I'D ROLL OUT DE BARREL

IF ONLY I COULD FIND SOMEONE WHO WOULD TAKE THIS RESPONSIBILITY OFF MY SHOULDERS! I'D GIVE THIS CURE AWAY, IF SOMEONE WOULD ONLY DO THIS JOB FOR ME!

DASHING DURWARD TOOK THE RESPONSIBILITY AND DASHED OFF TO SAVE THE DAY...

BUT THE PRINCESS' GUARDS WERE MEAN...AND DIDN'T TAKE KINDLY TO PEASANTS...

HEY! LEMME IN! I'M THE HERO!

OH YEAH?

YES! I CAN CURE THE PRINCESS!

SAYS WHO?

GRRR

HONEST! JUST LET ME SEE HER!

TROMP TROMP

ONE OF THESE GUARDS DID HAVE A STREAK OF GOODNESS IN HIS DARKENED SOUL...

HEY! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! INSTEAD OF BEATING HIM UP, LET'S LET HIM TRY HIS CURE ON THE PRINCESS!

THAT WAY HE'LL GET HIS HEAD CHOPPED OFF!

HE WAS TAKEN IN TO SEE THE BEAUTIFUL SWEET PRINCESS, OF WHOM HE'D ALWAYS HEARD...

HEY, PRINCESS! THERE'S A DUDE HERE WHO WANTS TO SEE YA!

YES! WHAT IS IT? I HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!

4

I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT THE CURE FOR WHAT AILS YOU! RIGHT HERE IN THIS BOTTLE! I'VE GOT IT! RIGHT HERE!

I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, BROWN-EYES! BUT G'WAN AHEAD-- SHOW ME WHAT YOU BROUGHT ALREADY!

YOU'RE GONNA BE BETTER! AND I'M GONNA HAVE A CASTLE AND $60,000,000,000, TOO!

AND ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS SPRINKLE THIS MAGIC POWDER ALL AROUND THE ROOM!

HUNH?

YOU FOOL! THIS IS PEPPER!

PEPPER?

A...AAAA

BUT IT CAN'T BE PEPPER!

A...AAAA

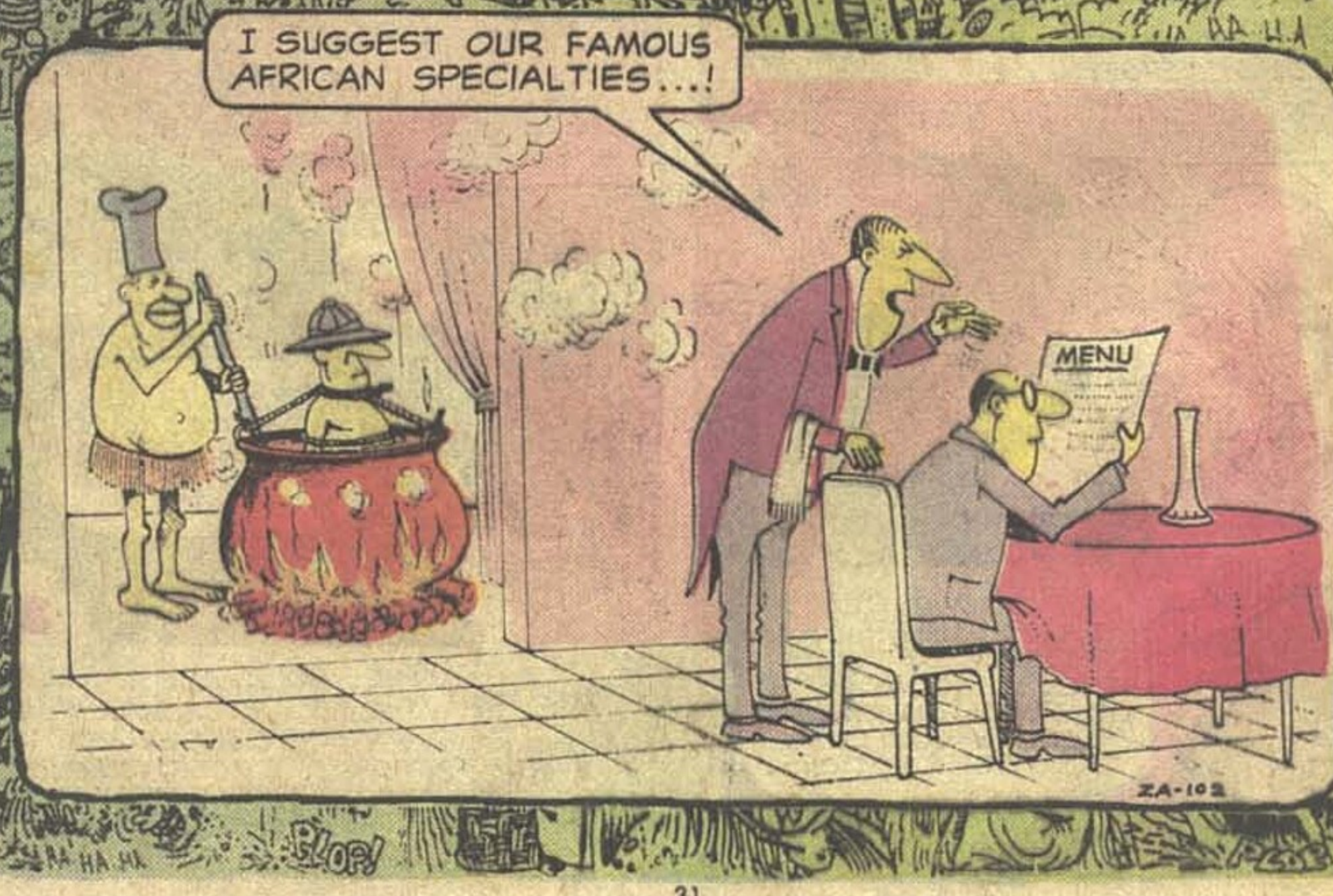
THAT DOCTOR FELLA TOLE ME THIS WAS SOME KINDA MAGIC POWDER!

A...AAA

NOW WHY WOULD THAT DOCTOR WANNA GO AND PLAY A TRICK ON ME LIKE THIS FOR?

NOW THAT YOU'VE FINISHED WITH OL' SALAMI NOSE, TRY ANOTHER TASTY TREAT...

GOURMET PLOPS



CHHOOOOOO

GOSH! WHAT WAS THAT?

THAT, MY DEAR, WAS THE END OF PRINCESS DRUISLA, AND SHE TOOK HER ENTIRE KINGDOM PLUS A 17-MILE AREA SURROUNDING THE PALACE WITH HER!

ALL THAT FROM ONE SNEEZE?

YE SUNSET

YOU KNEW THIS WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, DIDN'T YOU? YOU SET MY EX-FELLA UP!

THAT I DID, MY DEAR! I HAD TO MAKE SURE THE PRINCESS WOULD NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN! OTHERWISE, I MIGHT HAVE LOST MY HEAD LIKE THOSE OTHER DOCTORS.

BAR MAID UNION 25

ASPIRINE POWDERS

THUS, THE TWO SURVIVORS RODE OFF INTO THE GATHERING SUNSET...

BOY, YOU SURE ARE SMART! COULD YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THIS LIL' PAIN I'VE GOT...

END

AND WHAT WAS TO BECOME OF THE DOC AND BECKY ANN? WELL, MAYBE **YOU** CARE, BUT WE DON'T! BESIDES, YOU OUGHTTA KNOW BY NOW THAT IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO BE NOSEY!

PLOP!

VOTE FOR DEAWITTY

HE SERVES PEOPLE!

ZA-136

HA..HA..HA!

HA HA HA!

HI..HI..HI..HI..

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO GET *OUR* STOVE FIXED, WARDEN?

PRISON KITCHEN

ZA-242

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, LIL' TRICK-OR-TREATERS, A COUPLE OF GAGS ABOUT THE CHARACTERS YOU SHOULD HAVE MODELED YOUR COSTUMES AFTER--

MONSTER PLOPS

COULD I SEE SOMETHING IN A PLATFORM BOOT?

Shoes

SACKS 5th AVENUE

LARTER ZA-449

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT WE HAVE JUST STRUCK OIL!

RIP

LARTER ZA-450

THERE! NOW, WASN'T THAT THE GREATEST STORY AND GAGS YOU'VE EV--

HEY! WHERE ARE THEY?

THEY LEFT!

THEY MUST HAVE GONE OUT TO PLAY A TRICK ON US!

A TRICK!! ON THE LAST PAGE OF *PLOP!* GOOD GRIEF--DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

UH-OH! THIS IS THE LAST PAGE, ISN'T IT? I CAN TELL BECAUSE WE'RE IN BLACK-AND-WHITE!

OH NO! NOT AGAIN! NOT WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS TO US ON THE LAST PAGE!

NO! PLEASE! NO!

PLOP!

WELL, THEY CERTAINLY ASKED FOR THAT!

YEAH, THOSE BIMBOS DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE A GOOD COSTUME WHEN THEY SAW ONE!

HEY! NOW, I REMEMBER WHERE I SAW THOSE DUMMIES BEFORE! THEY WERE THE GUESTS OF HONOR AT OUR LAST MONSTER CONVENTION--REMEMBER?

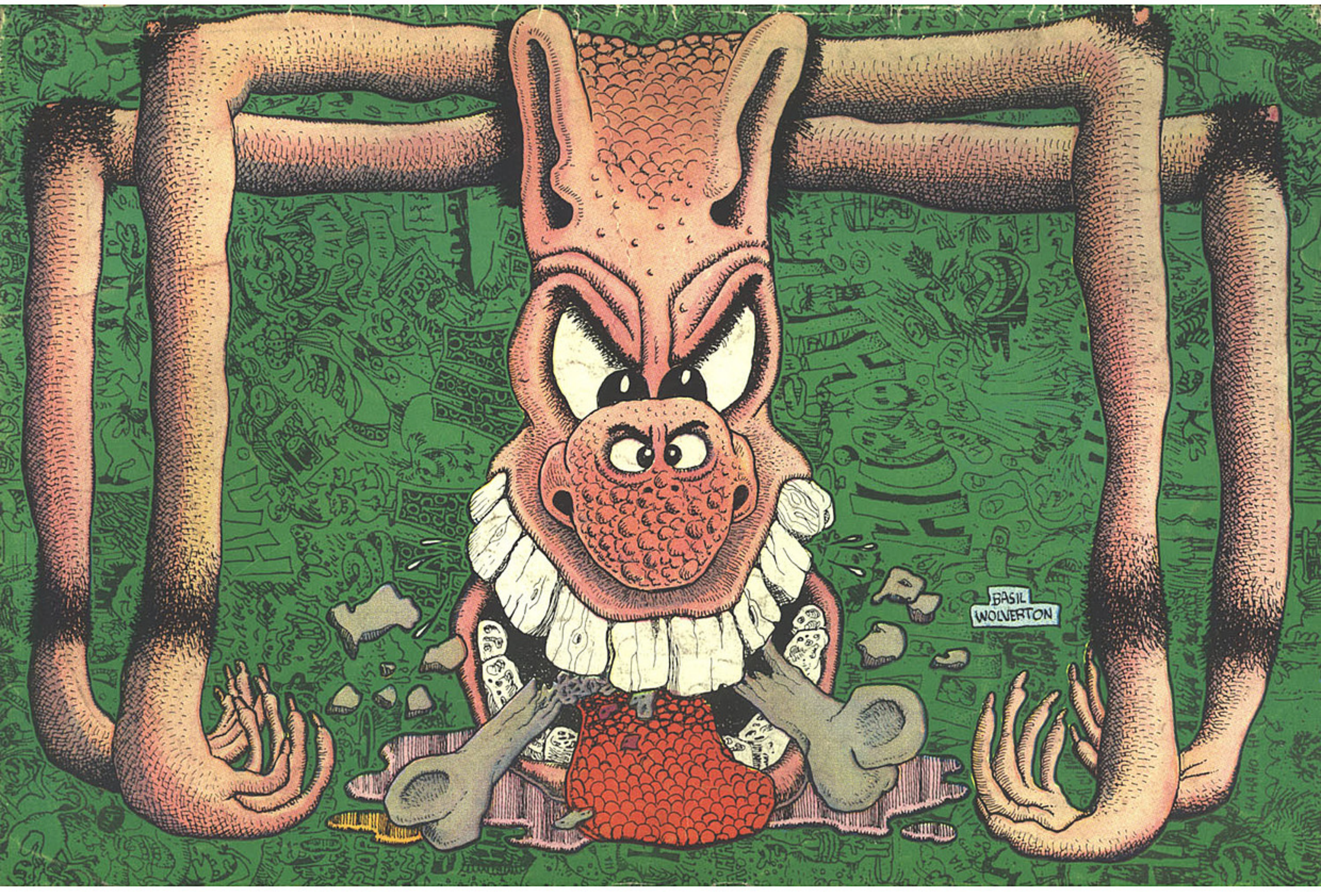
NO! I'M NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING! NOT THIS ISSUE! NOTHING AT ALL, EXCEPT...SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE, GANG!

GEE, CAIN, AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT ONE SHOULDN'T IMPOSE HIS TASTE ON OTHERS OR ELSE THINGS'LL GO *PLOP* ON HIM OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

I GOTTA GET TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER COMIC BOOK! I JUST CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY LONGER!

THE END.

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE THIRD WEEK IN DECEMBER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